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A fire of turf
A fire of turf

M
1621
.4
S73
op.139

Sung by Mr PLUNKET GREENE.

A Fire of Turf

A Cycle of Irish Songs

The Poems by

W. M. LETTS

(FROM "Songs from Leinster")

Composed by

Charles Villiers Stanford

Op. 139.

opyright.

Price 5/- net cash

London.
STAINER & BELL, LTD
58 Berners Street, W.1.

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A Fire of Turf.

W. M. LETTS.
(from "SONGS FROM LEINSTER")*

C. V. STANFORD. Op. 139.

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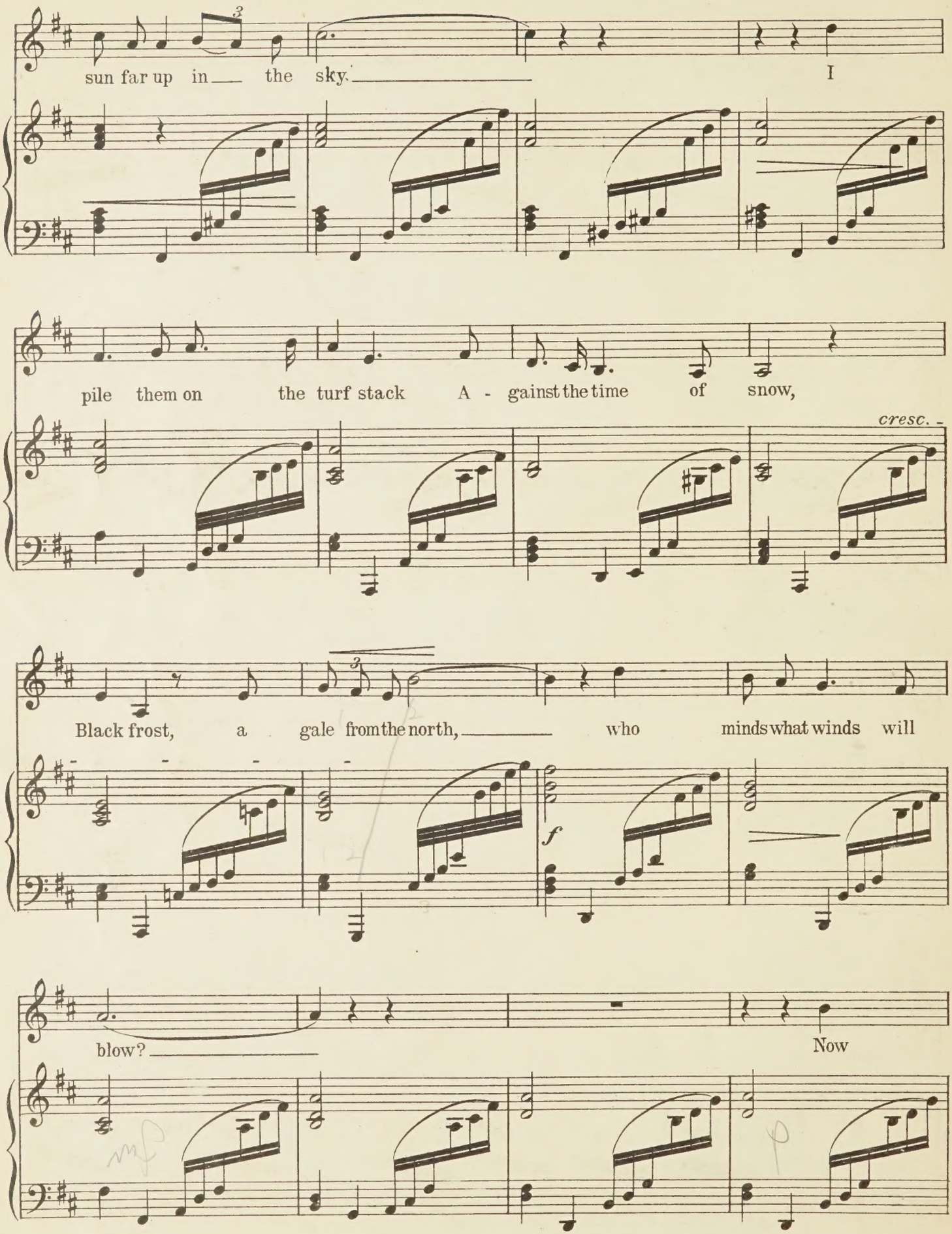
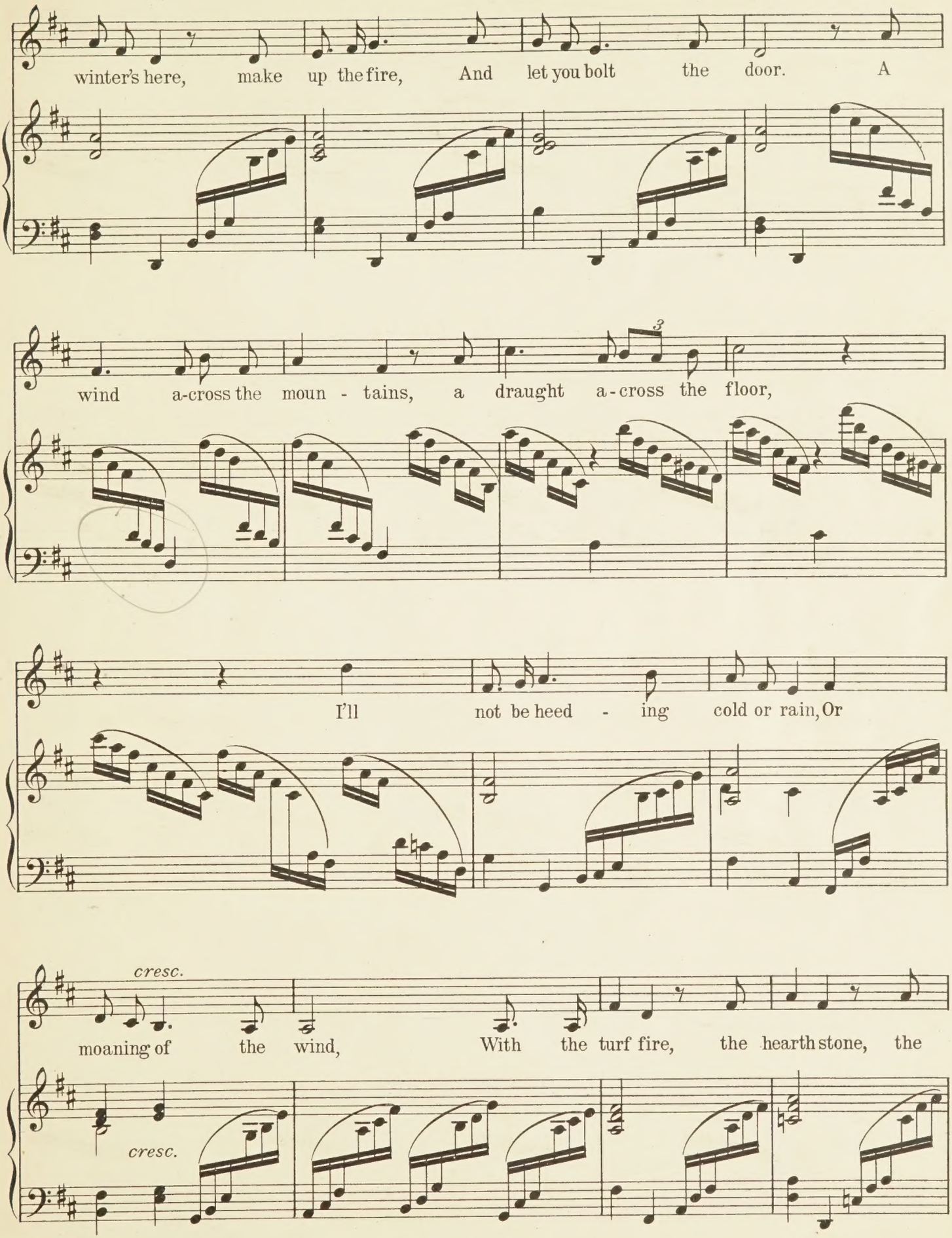
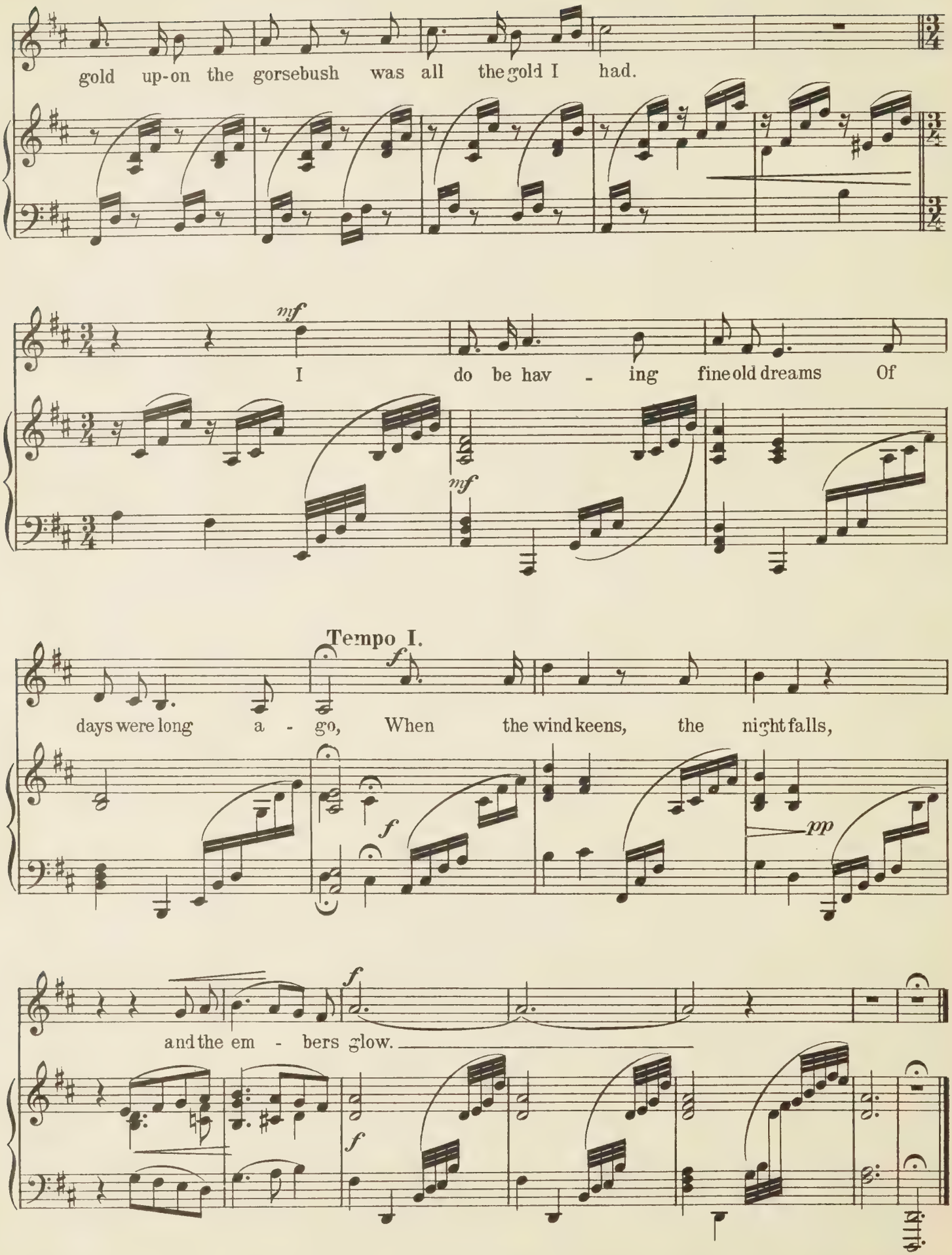

sun far up in the sky. I
pile them on the turf stack A - gainst the time of snow,
cresc.
Black frost, a gale from the north, who minds what winds will
f
blow? Now


winter's here, make up the fire, And let you bolt the door. A
wind a-cross the moun - tains, a draught a-cross the floor,
I'll not be heed - ing cold or rain, Or
cresc.
moaning of the wind, With the turf fire, the hearth stone, the
cresc.

no - tions in my mind.
I've
f
seen a power of years it - self That's gone be-yond re - call,
The
p
leaves of spring, the days of youth, where are they now at
5
5
all?
The withered leaves lie in the glen,
The
p

cresc.
days of youth are dead, Now it's long nights and
cresc.
long thoughts while the sods o' turf glow
Più mosso.
f
mf
red.
I
f
(♩= ♩)
see myself a bare - foot child, I see myself a lad, When the
pp


gold up-on the gorsebush was all the gold I had.
mf
I do be hav - ing fine old dreams Of
mf
Tempo I.
f
days were long a - go, When the wind keens, the night falls,
f
pp
f
and the em - bers glow.
f

The Chapel on the hill.

W. M. LETTS. C. V. STANFORD. Op. 139

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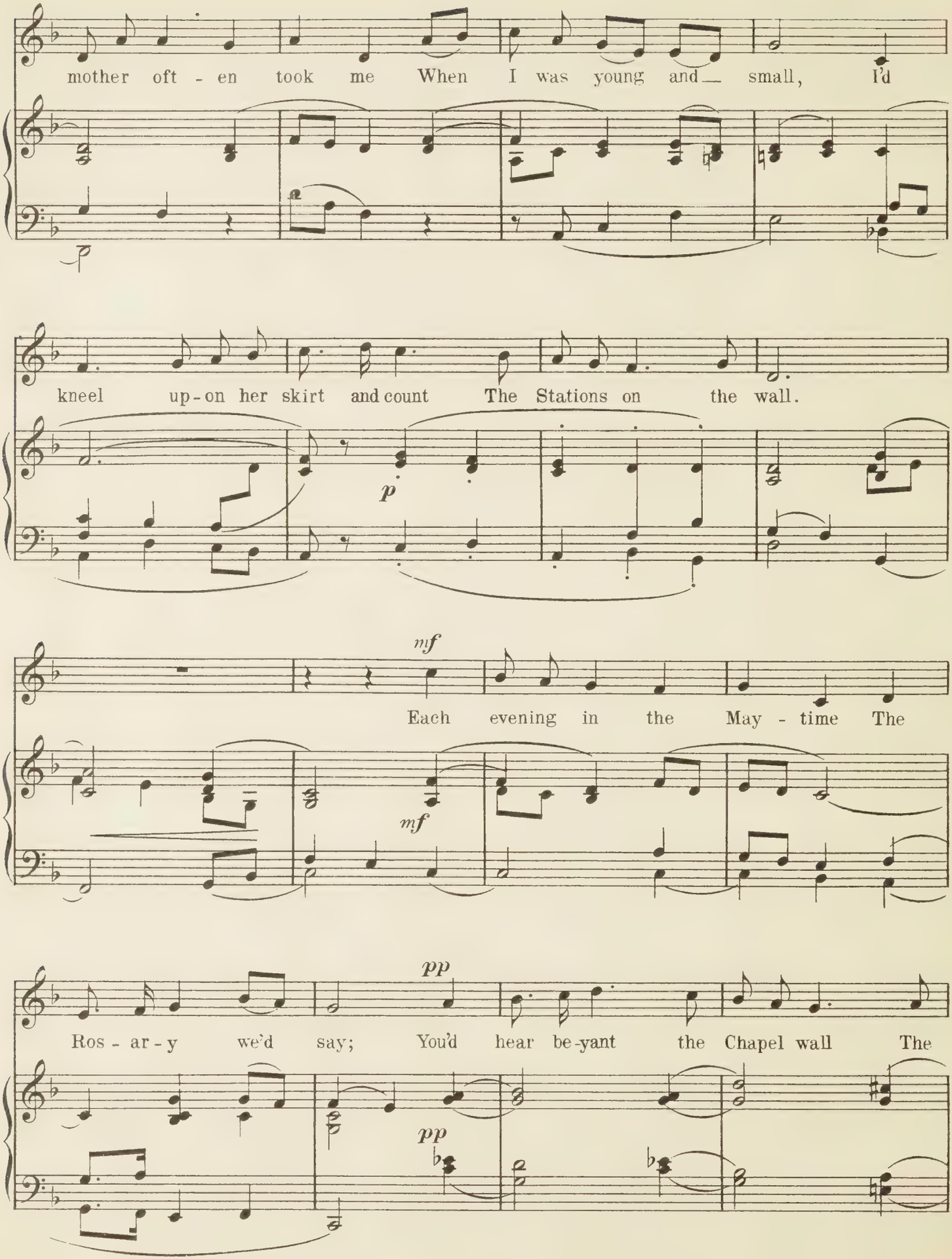
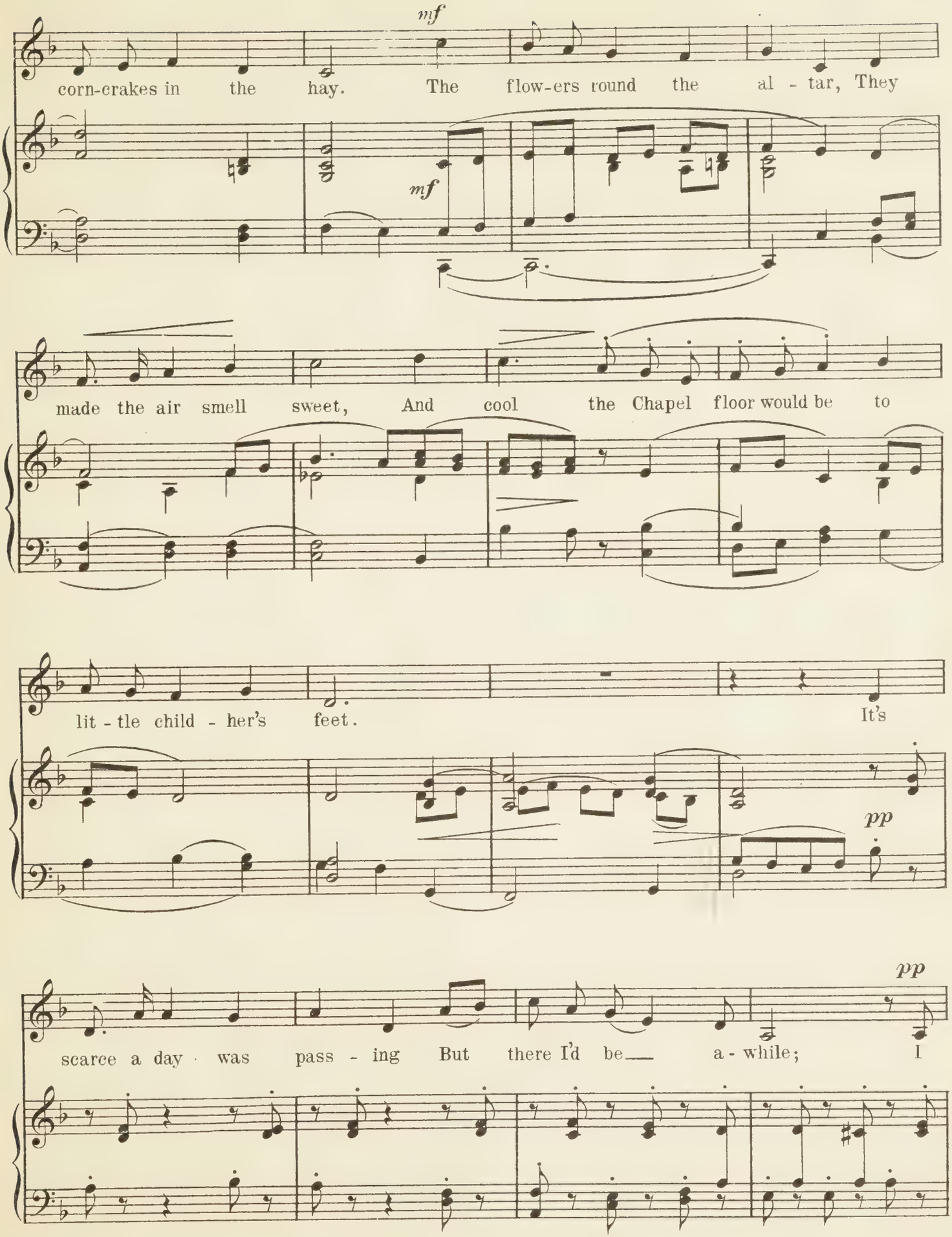
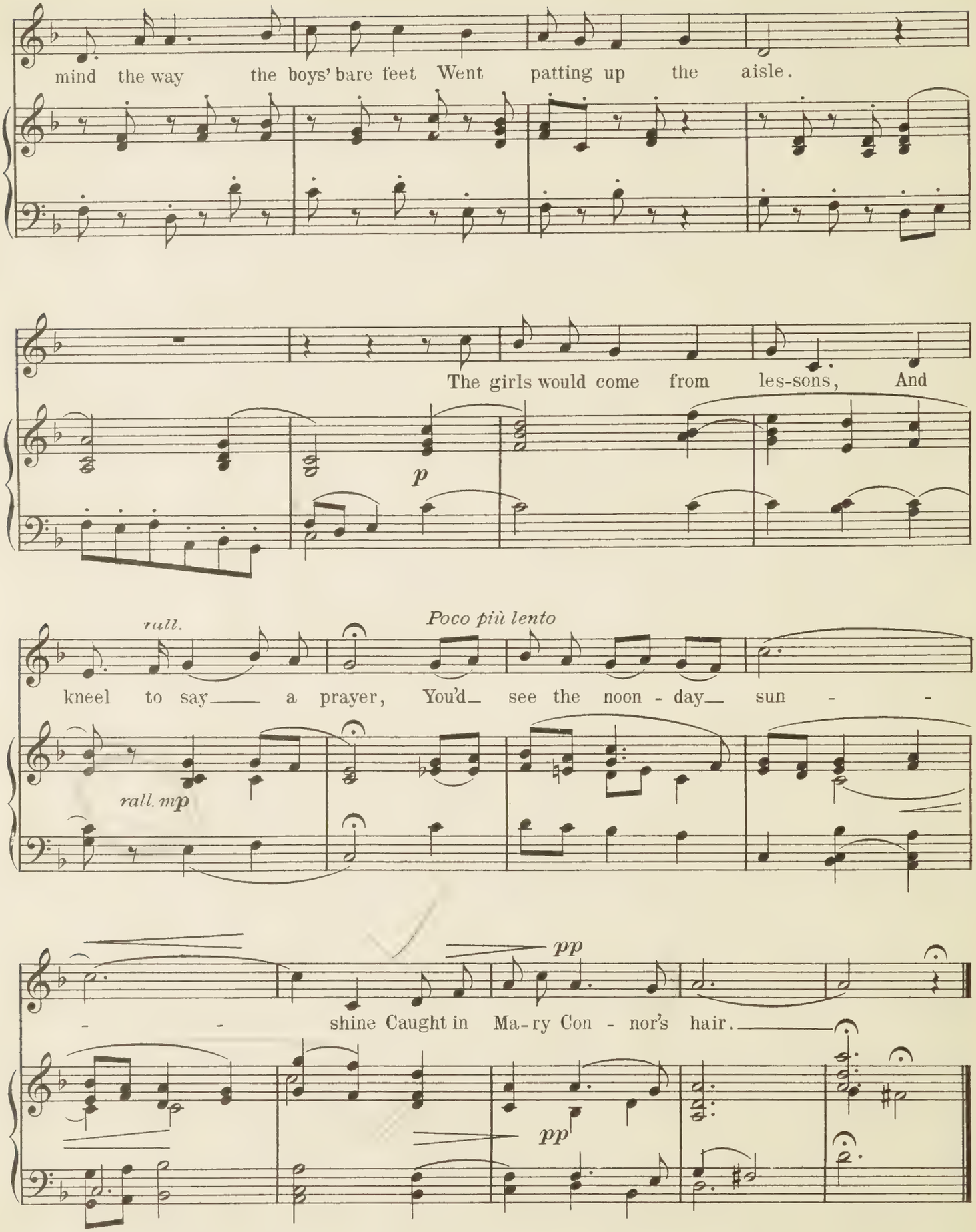

mother oft - en took me When I was young and small, I'd
kneel up-on her skirt and count The Stations on the wall.
Each evening in the May - time The
Ros - ar - y we'd say; You'd hear be-yant the Chapel wall The


mf
corn-crakes in the hay. The flow-ers round the al - tar, They
mf
made the air smell sweet, And cool the Chapel floor would be to
lit - tle child - her's feet.
It's
pp
pp
scarce a day was pass - ing But there I'd be a - while; I


mind the way the boys' bare feet Went patting up the aisle.
The girls would come from les-sons, And
p
rall.
Poco più lento
kneel to say a prayer, You'd see the noon - day sun - -
rall. mp
pp
- - shine Caught in Ma-ry Con - nor's hair.
pp

Cowslip Time.

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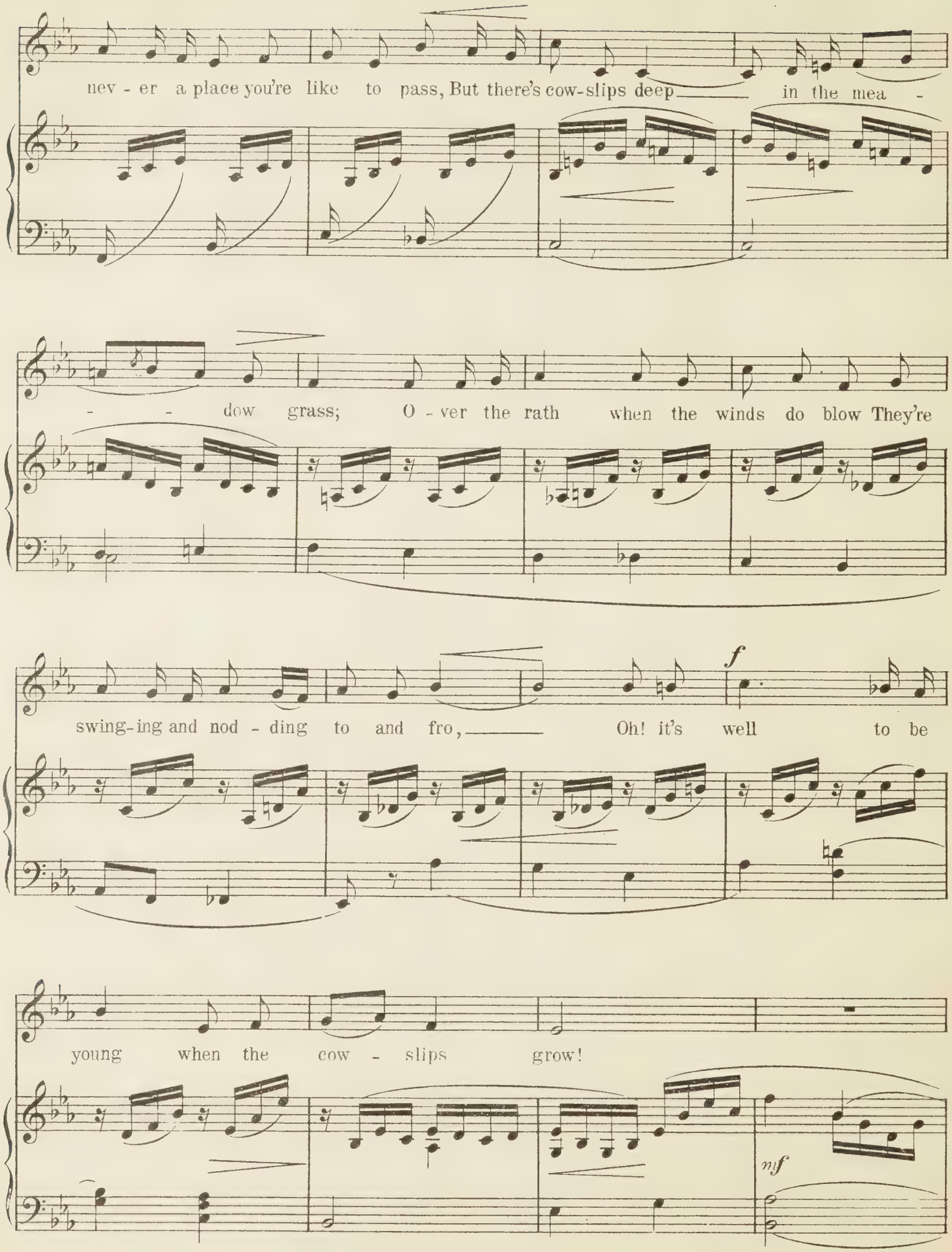
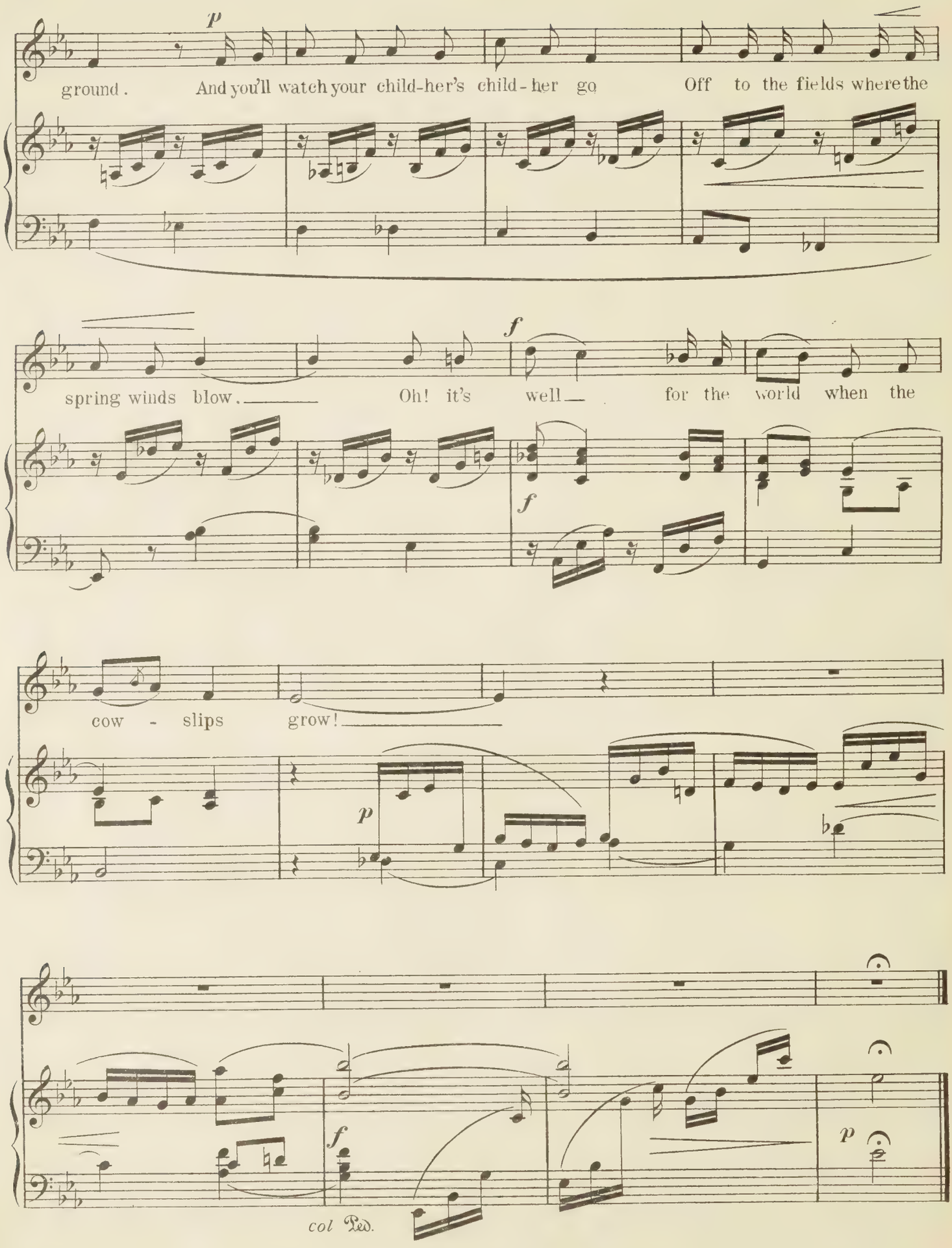

nev - er a place you're like to pass, But there's cow-slips deep in the mea -
- - dow grass; O - ver the rath when the winds do blow They're
swing-ing and nod - ding to and fro, Oh! it's well to be
f
young when the cow - slips grow!
mf

p
Old age will_
p
come_ what mat - ter so? High and low, high and
mf
low The cow - slips shine, The cow - slips shine when the
f
p
spring comes round, In_ ev - 'ry mea - - dow and patch_ of


p
ground. And you'll watch your child-her's child-her go Off to the fields where the
f
spring winds blow. Oh! it's well for the world when the
f
cow - slips grow!
p
f
p
col Ped.

Scared.

W. M. LETTS. C. V. STANFORD. Op. 139.

Lento.
VOICE.
PIANO.
These dus-ky eve - nings in De-cem-ber I
do be scared with sud-den fright, So ma-ny things you'd dis-re-member Shows
quare an' dark-ish in the night. Sure kilt you'd be if a dog should bark, Or an
old cow wheeze in the lone-some dark; For who can tell who is in it at all, With the

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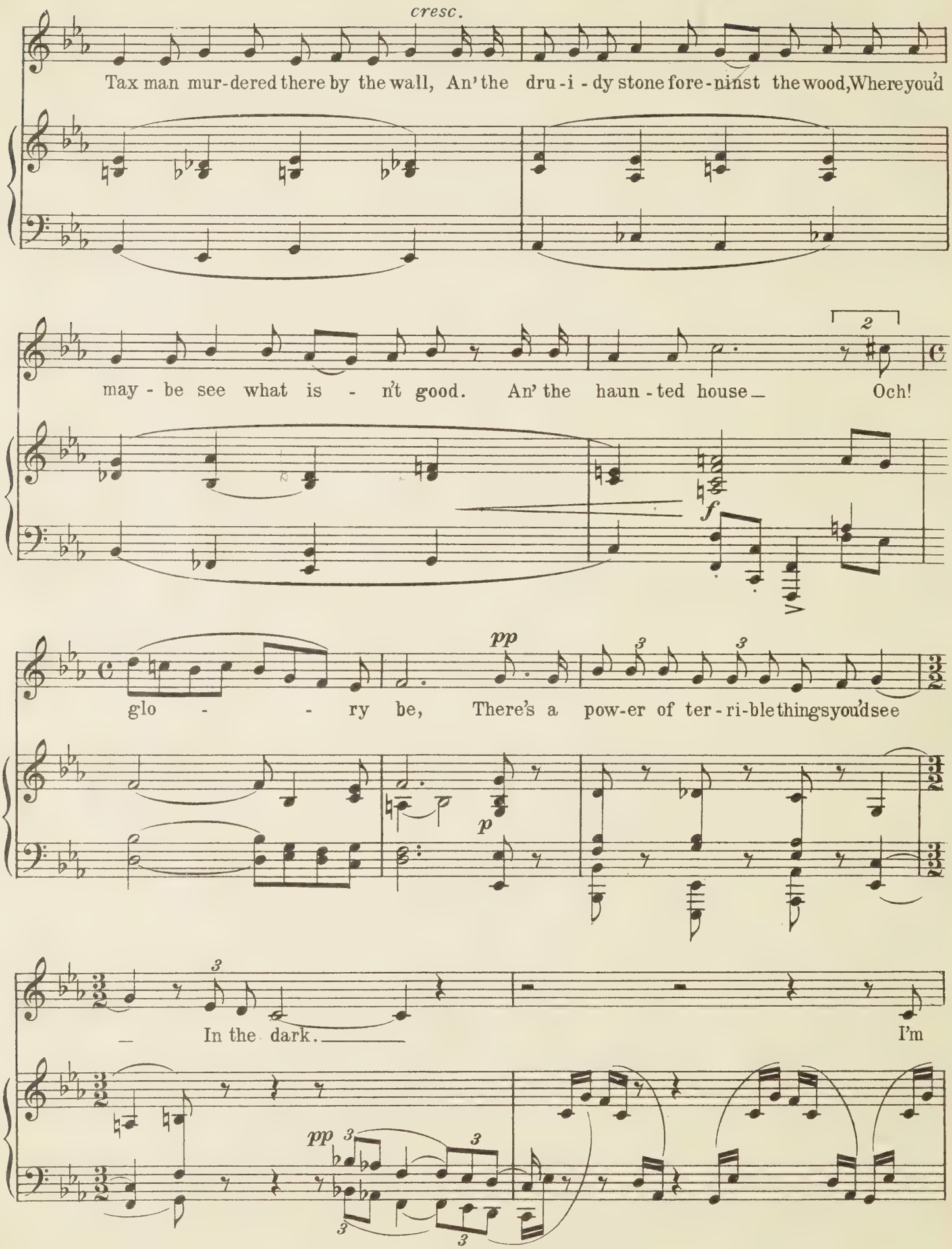
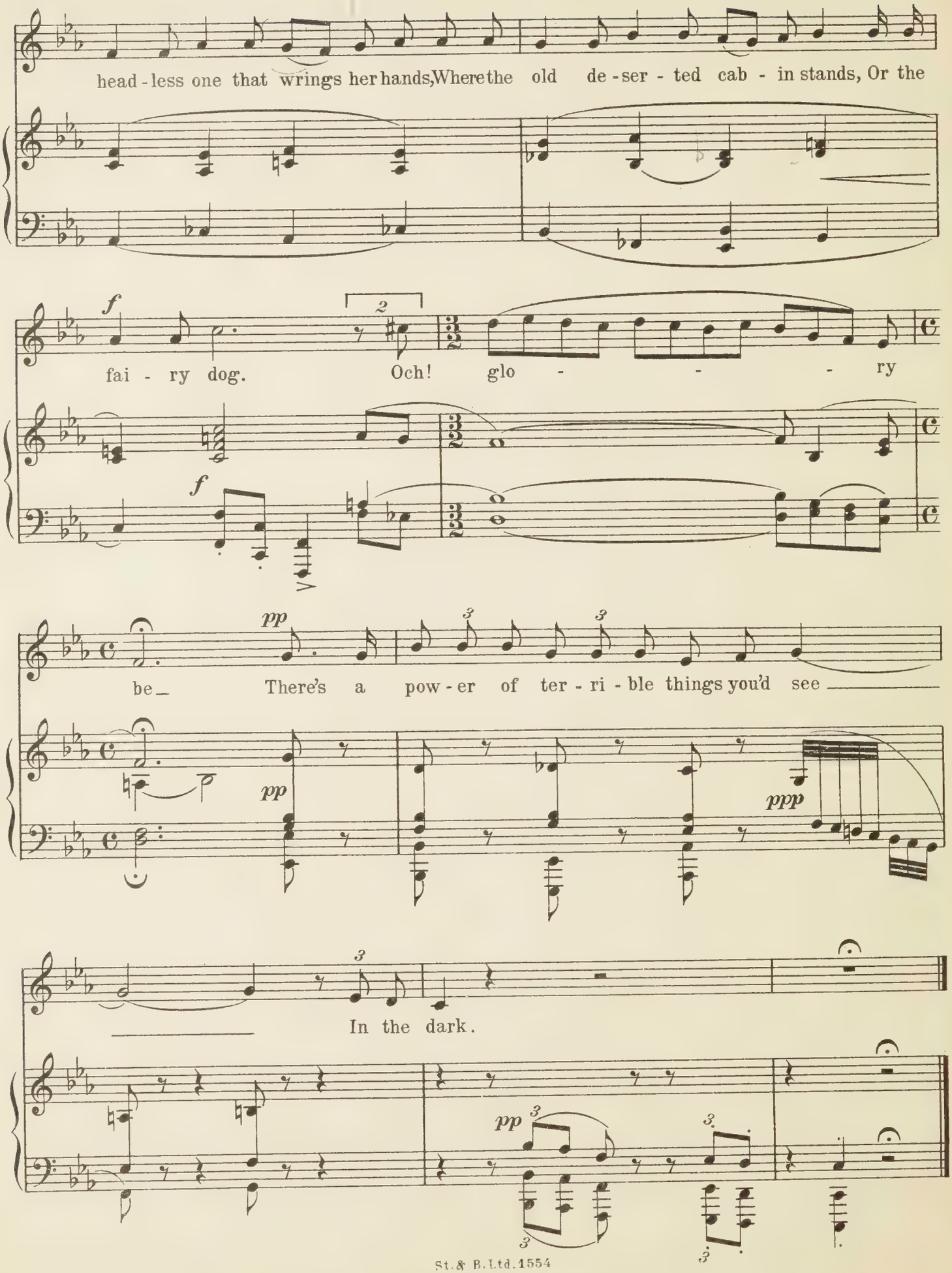
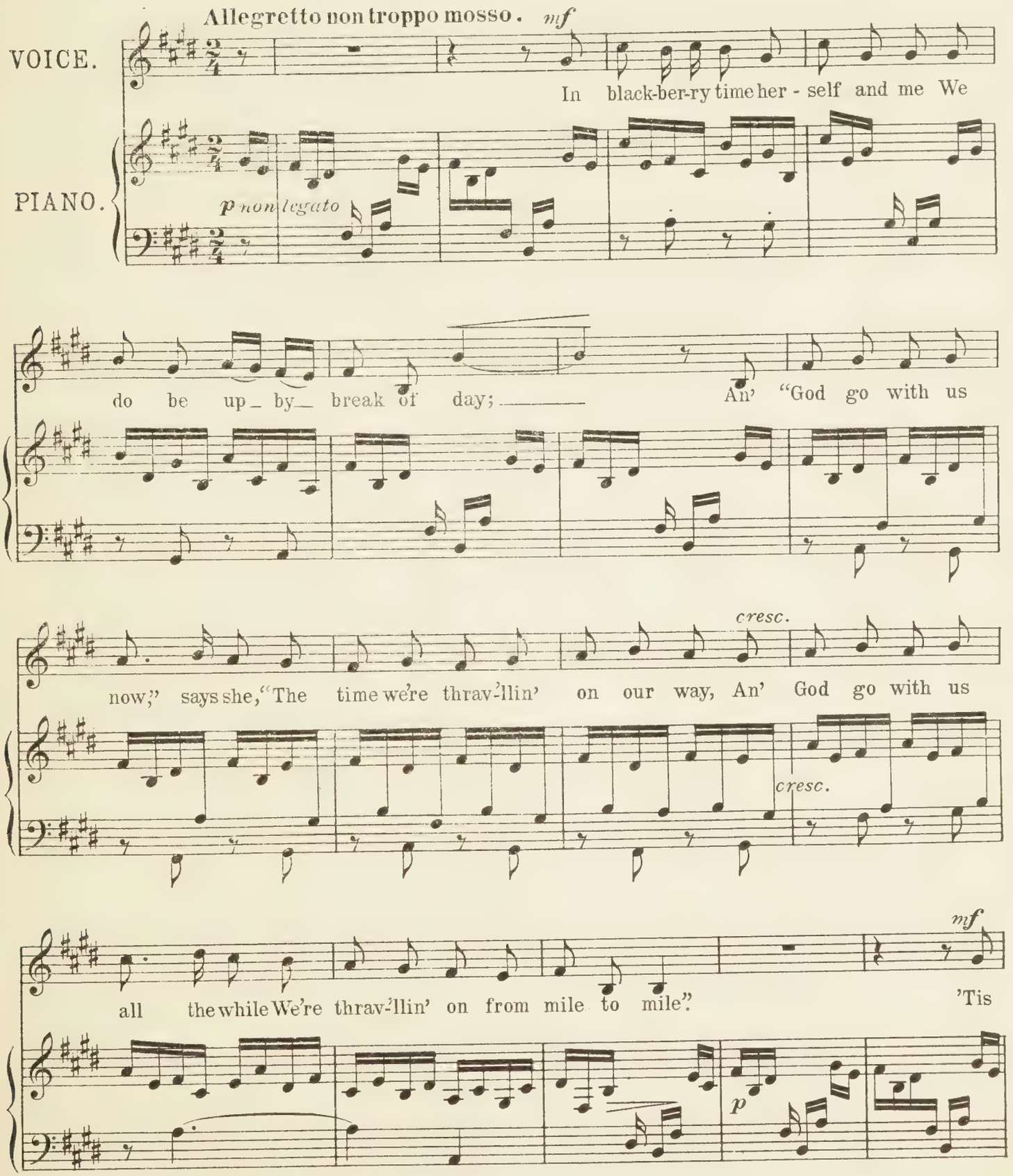

cresc.
Tax man mur-dered there by the wall, An' the dru-i-dy stone fore-ninst the wood, Where you'd
may-be see what is - n't good. An' the haun-ted house — Och!
f
pp
glo - - ry be, There's a pow-er of ter-ri-ble things you'd see
p
In the dark.
I'm
pp

f
fear'd it - self_ lest some black stranger Would step be-hind_ me on the grass; Or
f
p
goodness knows what sudden danger Might lep up-on ___ me as I pass. For
f
f
p
strange an' lonesome the roads do seem Like a far - off place you'd see in a dream; An' you'd
pp
nev - er know who you'd meet at the turn, Old cra - zy Nel - ly or mad John Byrne, Or the


head - less one that wrings her hands, Where the old de - ser - ted cab - in stands, Or the
f
fai - ry dog.
Och! glo - - - ry
f
pp
be_
There's a pow - er of ter - ri - ble things you'd see
pp
ppp
In the dark.
pp

Blackberry Time.

W. M. LETTS. C. V. STANFORD. Op.139.


Allegretto non troppo mosso. mf
VOICE.
In black-ber-ry time her - self and me We
PIANO.
p non legato
do be up_ by_ break of day; _____ An' "God go with us
now;" says she, "The time we're thrav-'llin' on our way, An' God go with us
cresc.
cresc.
all the while We're thrav-'llin' on from mile to mile."
mf
'Tis
p

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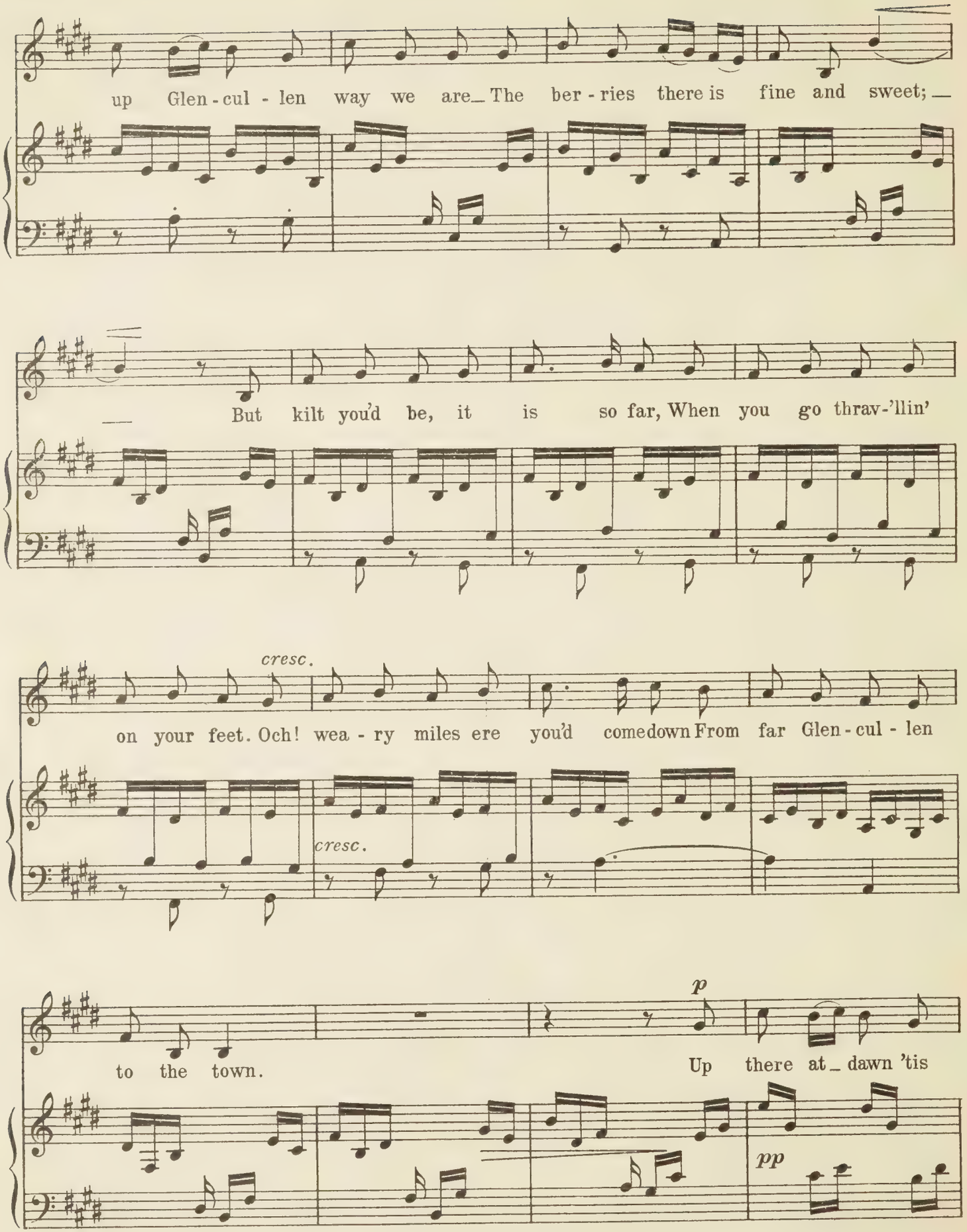
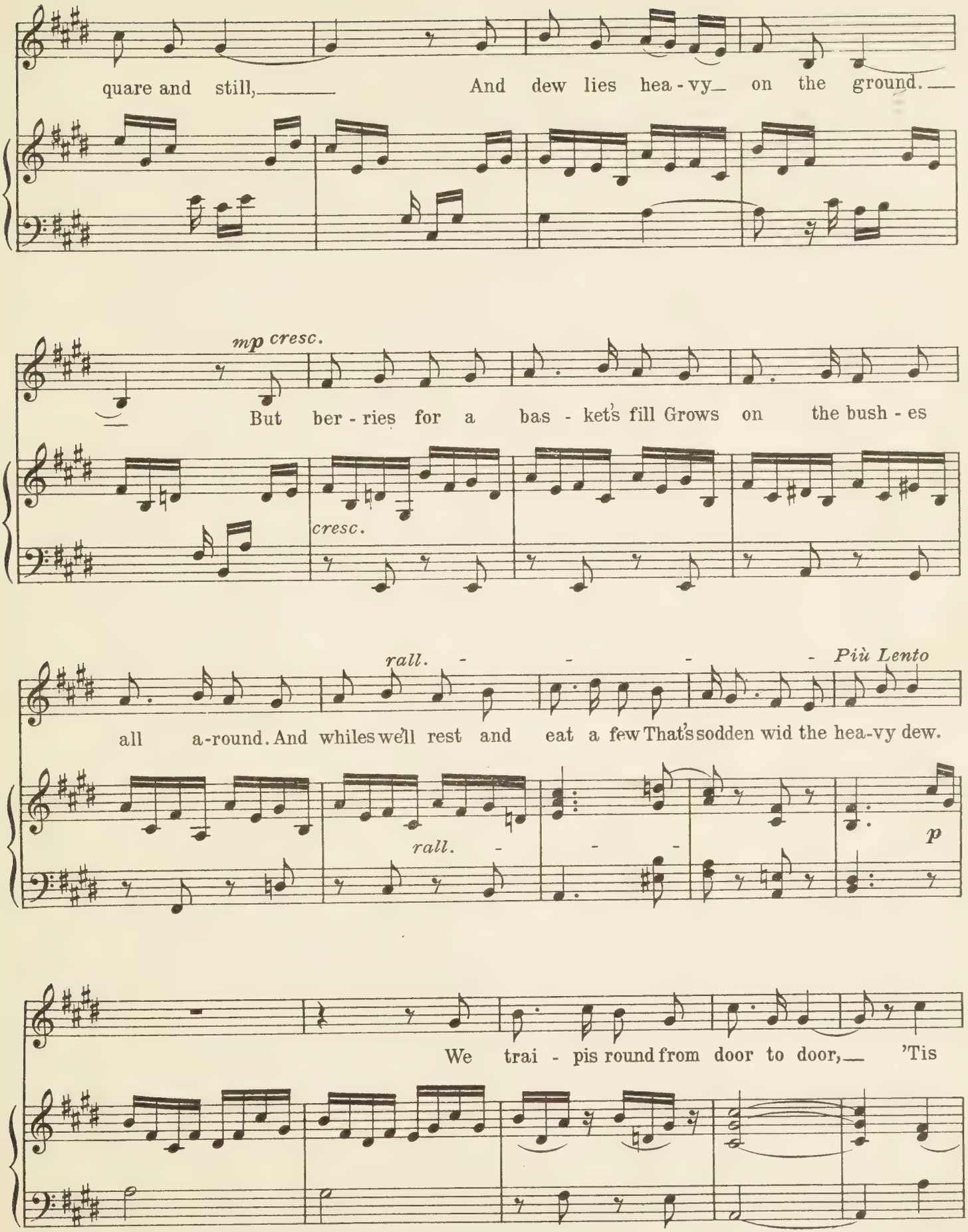
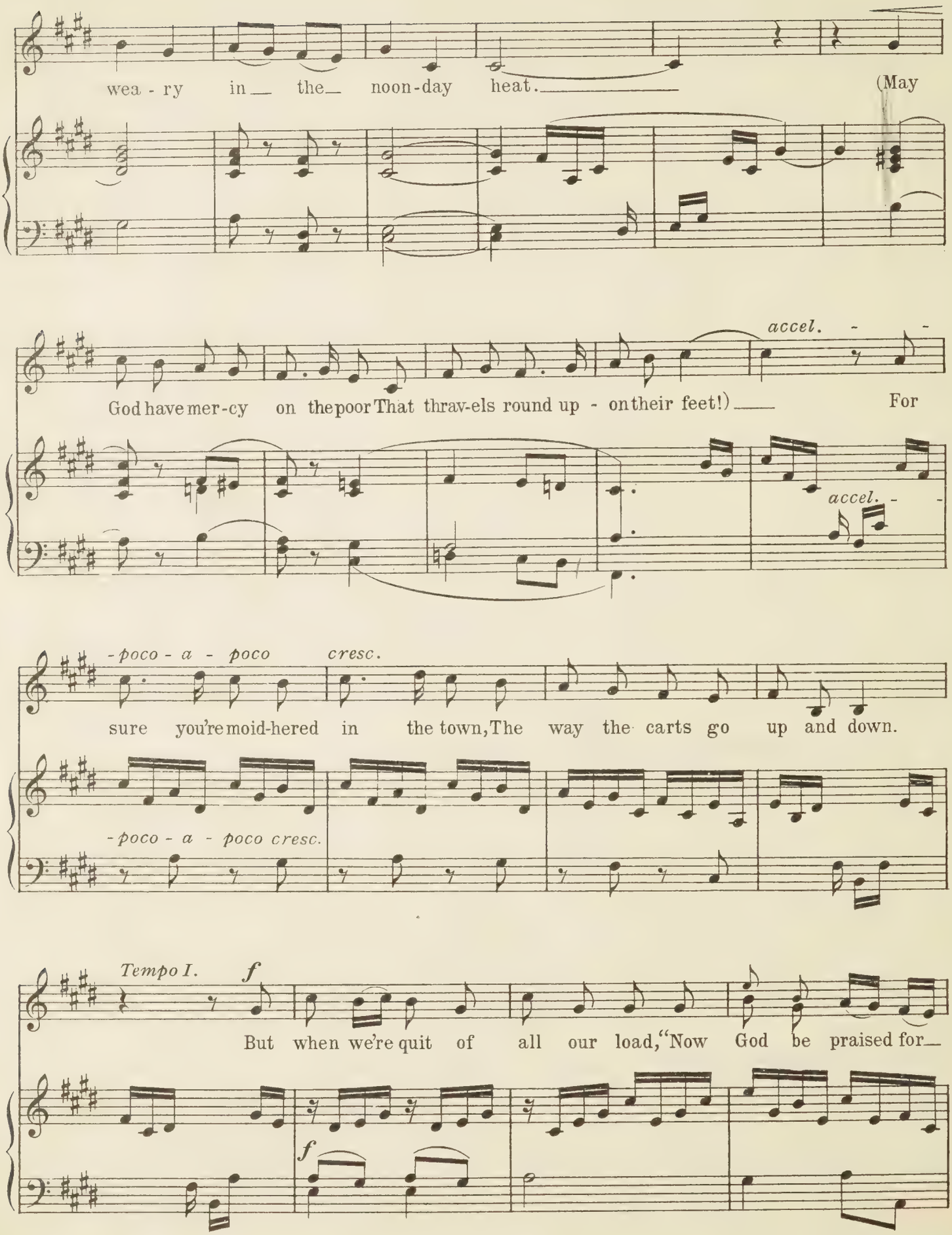
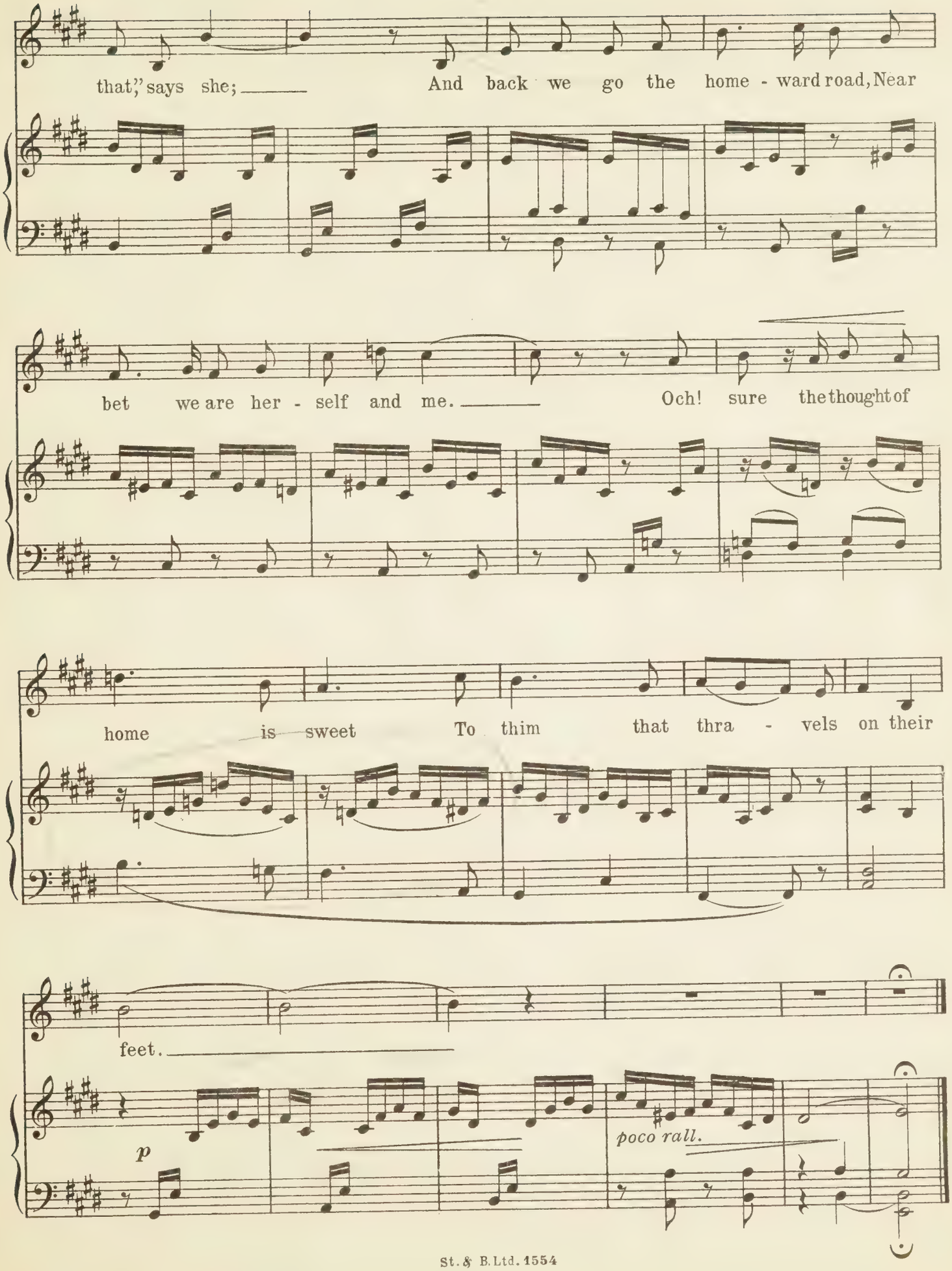

up Glen - cul - len way we are_ The ber - ries there is fine and sweet; _
_ But kilt you'd be, it is so far, When you go thrav-'llin'
cresc.
on your feet. Och! wea - ry miles ere you'd comedown From far Glen - cul - len
cresc.
p
to the town.
Up there at_ dawn 'tis
pp


quare and still,
And dew lies hea - vy on the ground.
mp cresc.
But ber - ries for a bas - ket's fill Grows on the bush - es
cresc.
rall.
Più Lento
all a-round. And whiles we'll rest and eat a few That's sodden wid the hea-vy dew.
rall.
p
We trai - pis round from door to door, 'Tis


wea - ry in the noon-day heat. (May
accel.
God have mer-cy on the poor That thrav-els round up - on their feet!) For
accel.
-poco - a - poco cresc.
sure you're moid-hered in the town, The way the carts go up and down.
-poco - a - poco cresc.
Tempo I.
f
But when we're quit of all our load, "Now God be praised for
f


that," says she; _____ And back we go the home - ward road, Near
bet we are her - self and me. _____ Och! sure the thought of
home is sweet To thim that thra - vels on their
feet. _____
p
poco rall.

The Fair.

W. M. LETTS. C.V. STANFORD. Op. 139.

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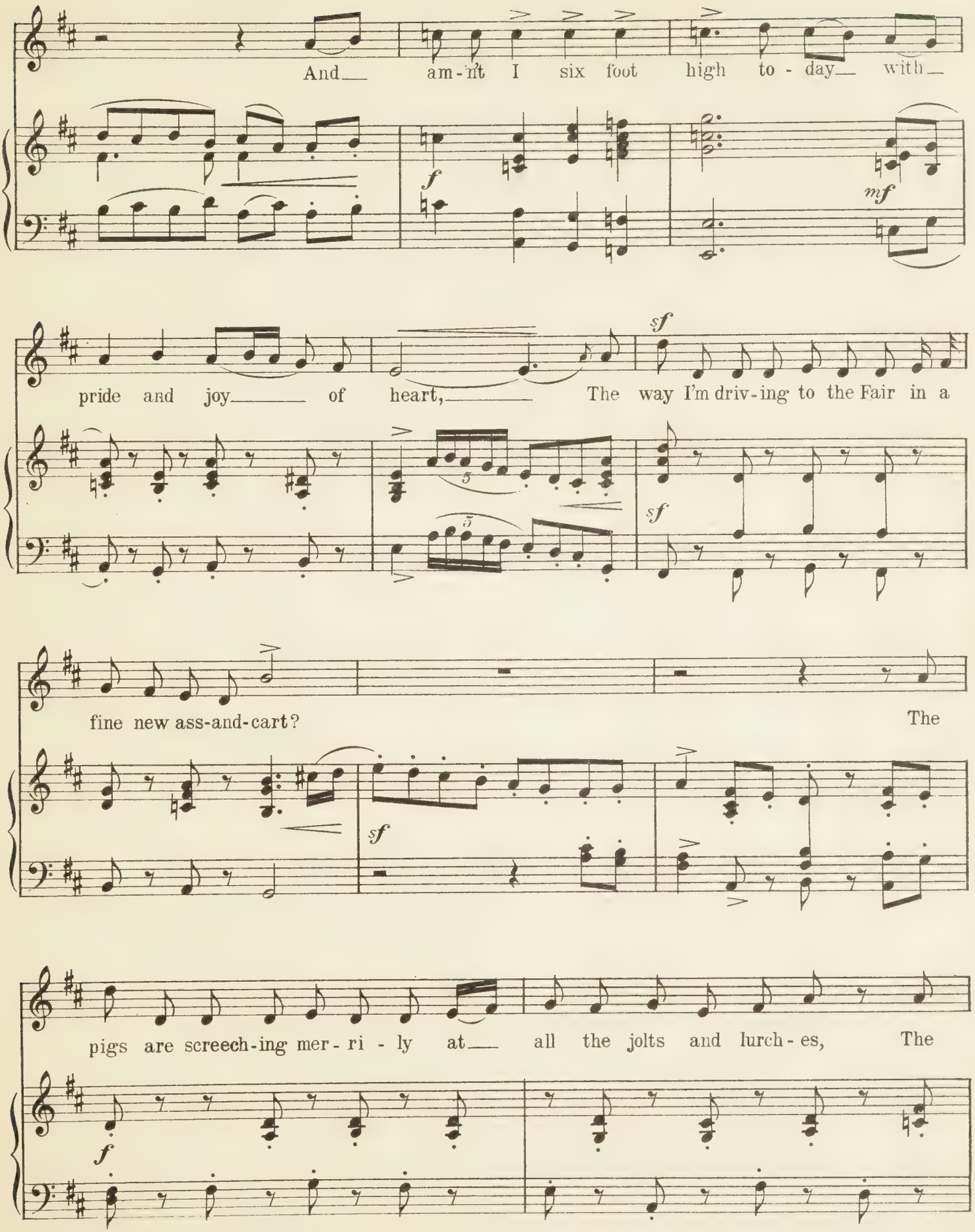
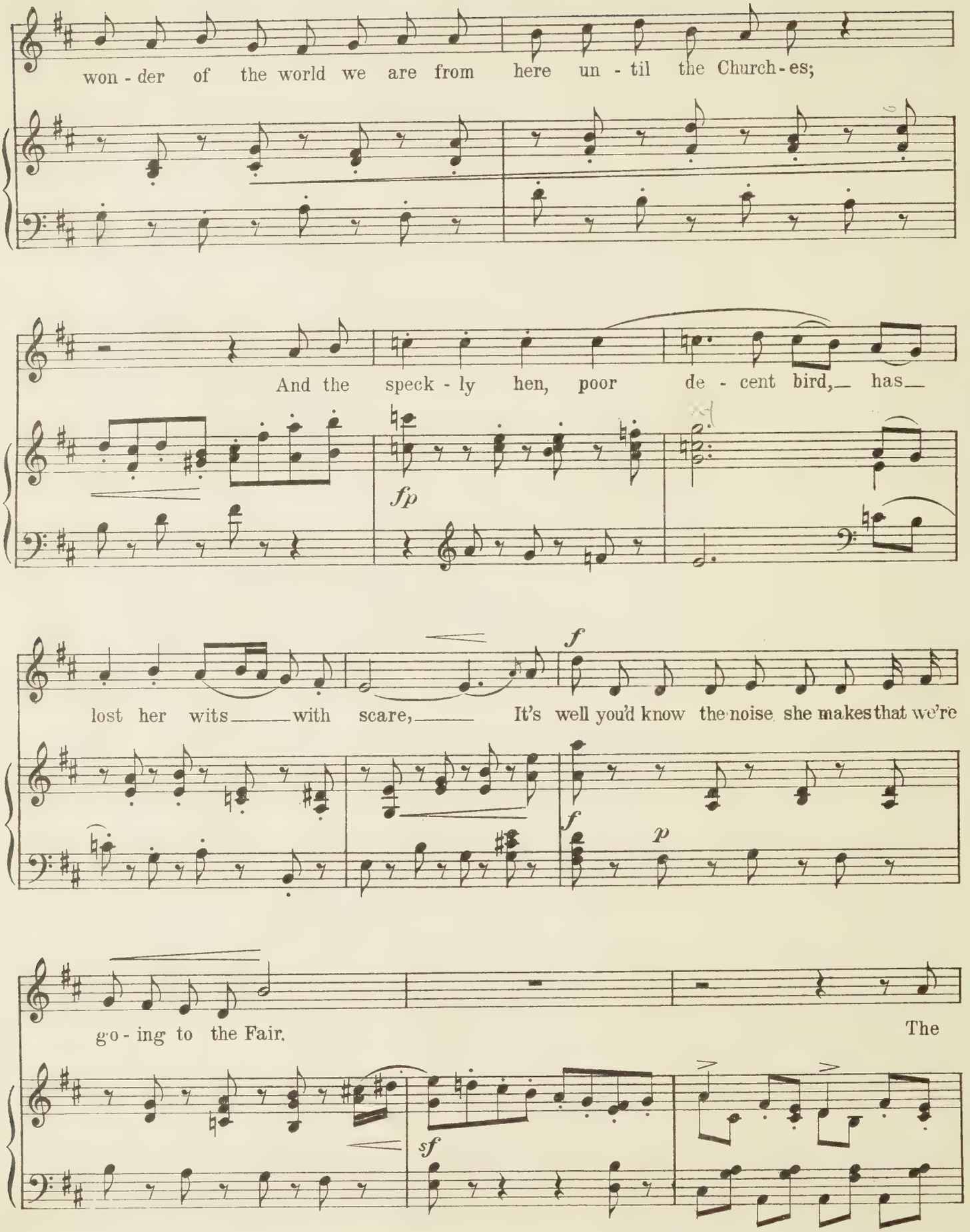
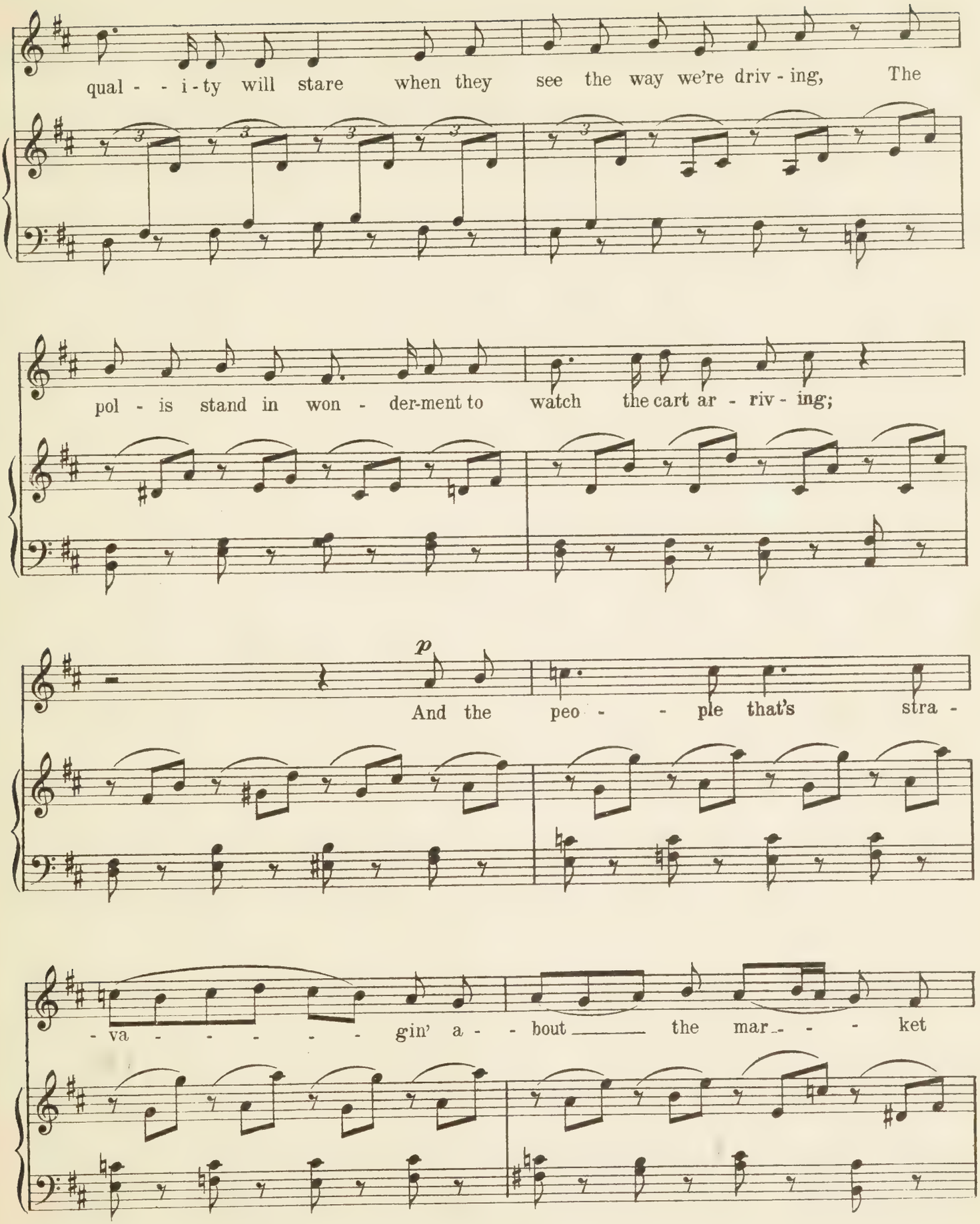
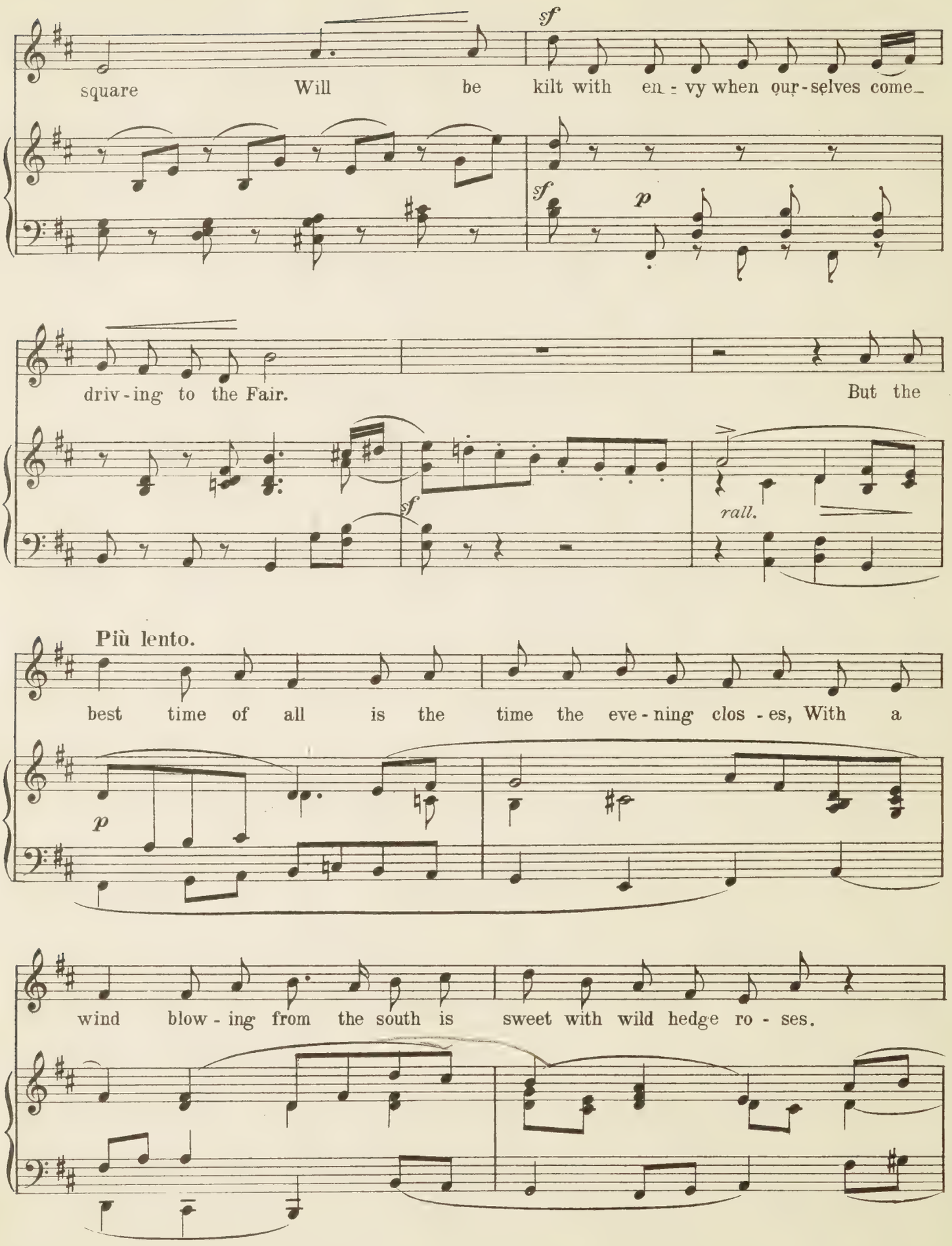
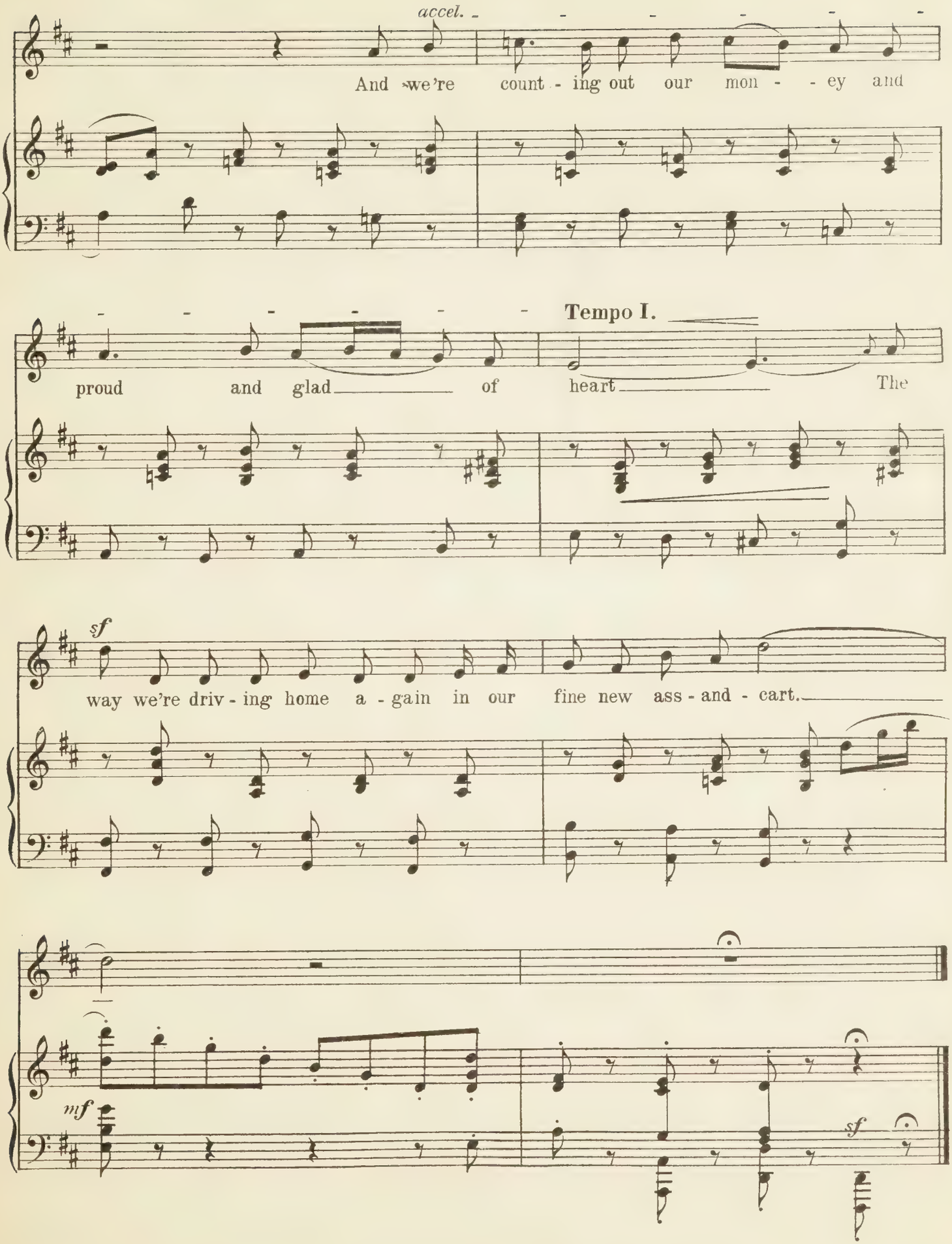

And am-'nt I six foot high to-day with
f
mf
pride and joy of heart, The way I'm driv-ing to the Fair in a
sf
sf
fine new ass-and-cart? The
sf
pigs are screech-ing mer-ri-ly at all the jolts and lurch-es, The
f


won - der of the world we are from here un - til the Church - es;
And the speck - ly hen, poor de - cent bird, has
fp
lost her wits with scare, It's well you'd know the noise she makes that we're
f
f
p
go - ing to the Fair.
The
sf


qual - - i - ty will stare when they see the way we're driv - ing, The
pol - is stand in won - der-ment to watch the cart ar - riv - ing;
p
And the peo - - ple that's stra -
- va - - - - - - gin' a - - bout the mar - - - ket

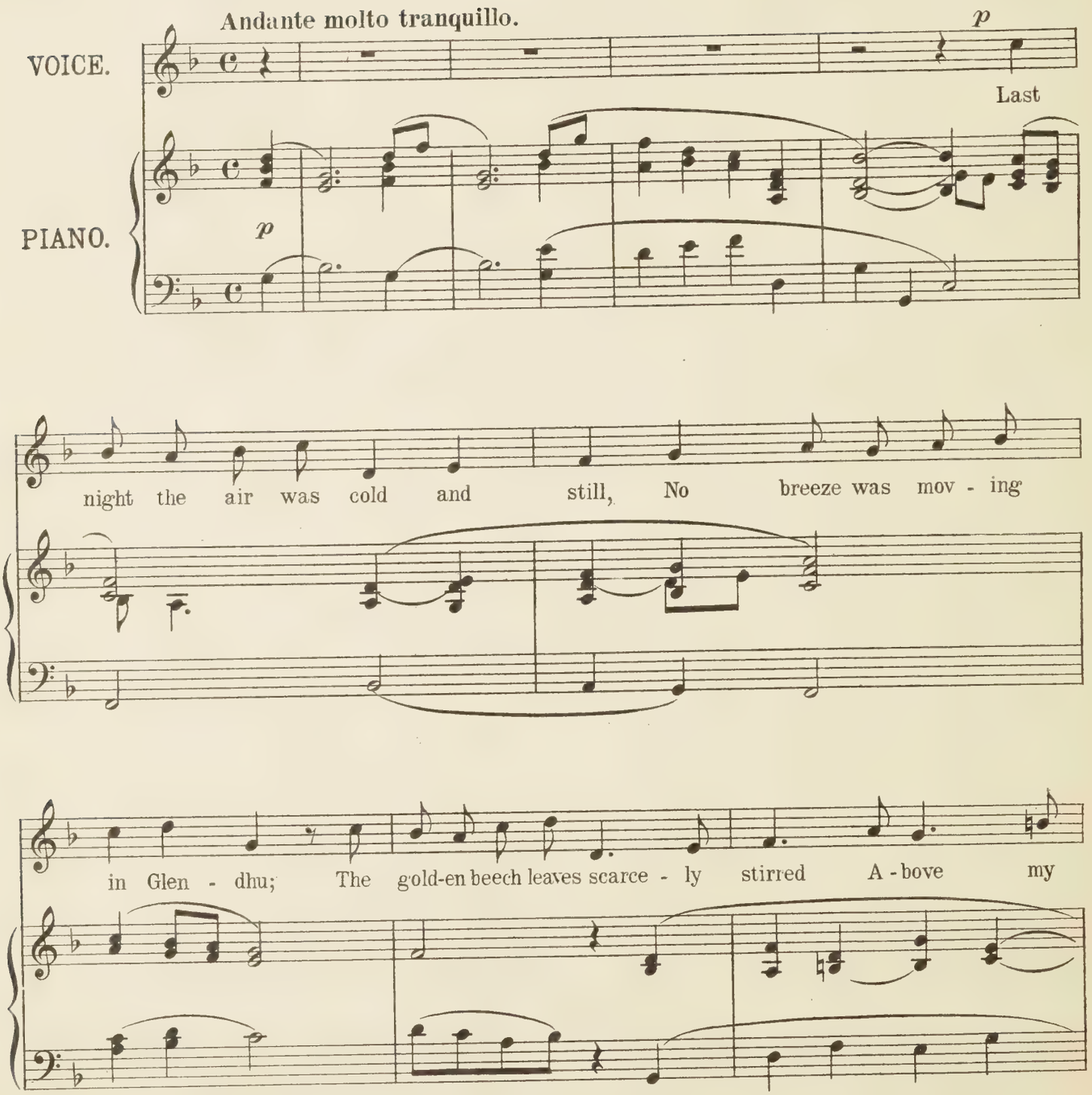

sf
square Will be kilt with en - vy when our-selves come_
sf p
driv - ing to the Fair. But the
sf
rall.
Più lento.
best time of all is the time the eve - ning clos - es, With a
p
wind blow - ing from the south is sweet with wild hedge ro - ses.


accel.
And we're count - ing out our mon - - ey and
Tempo I.
proud and glad of heart The
sf
way we're driv - ing home a - gain in our fine new ass - and - cart.
mf
sf

The West Wind.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD. Op. 139.


Andante molto tranquillo.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
p
Last
night the air was cold and still, No breeze was mov - ing
in Glen - dhu; The gold-en beech leaves scarce - ly stirred A - bove my

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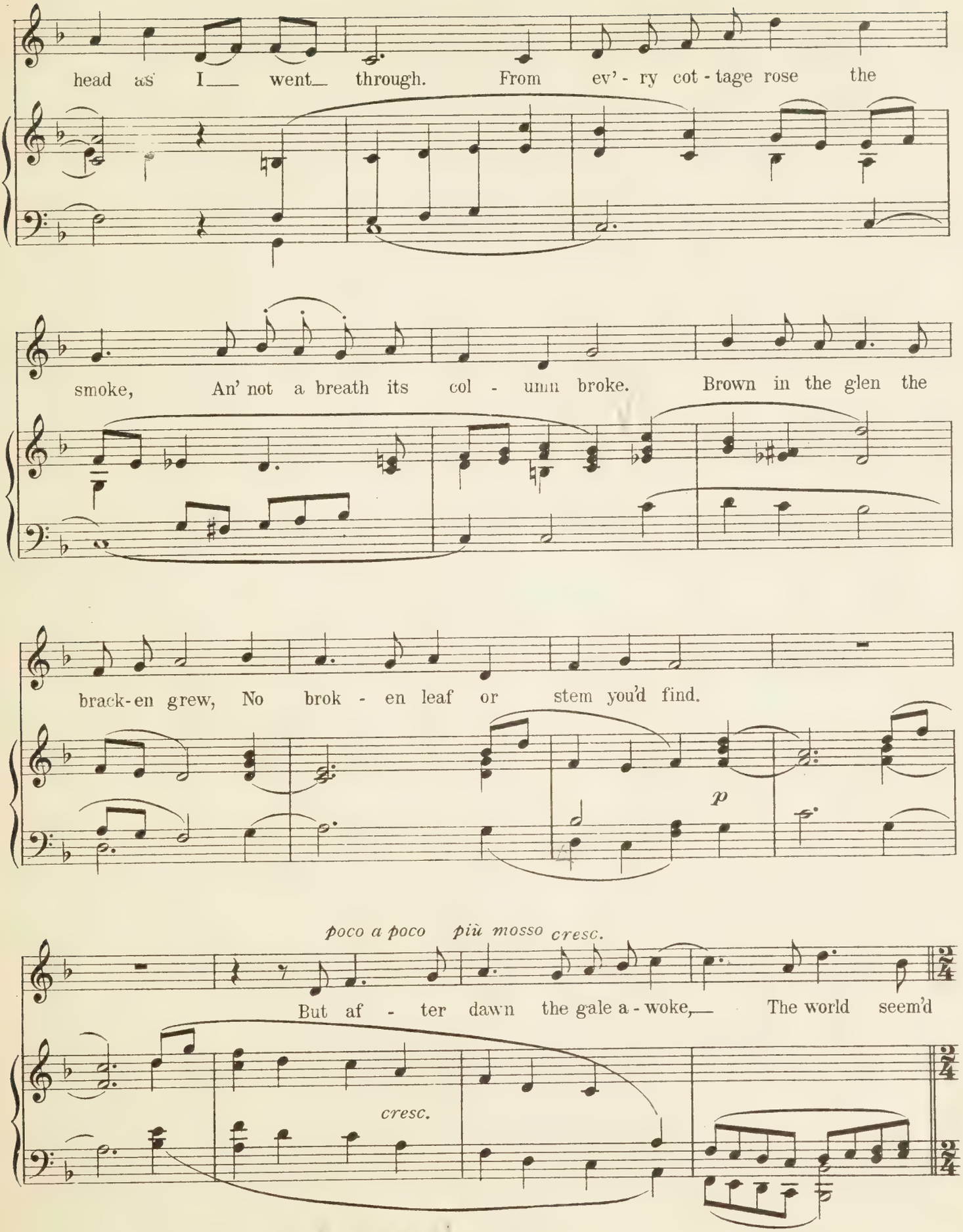
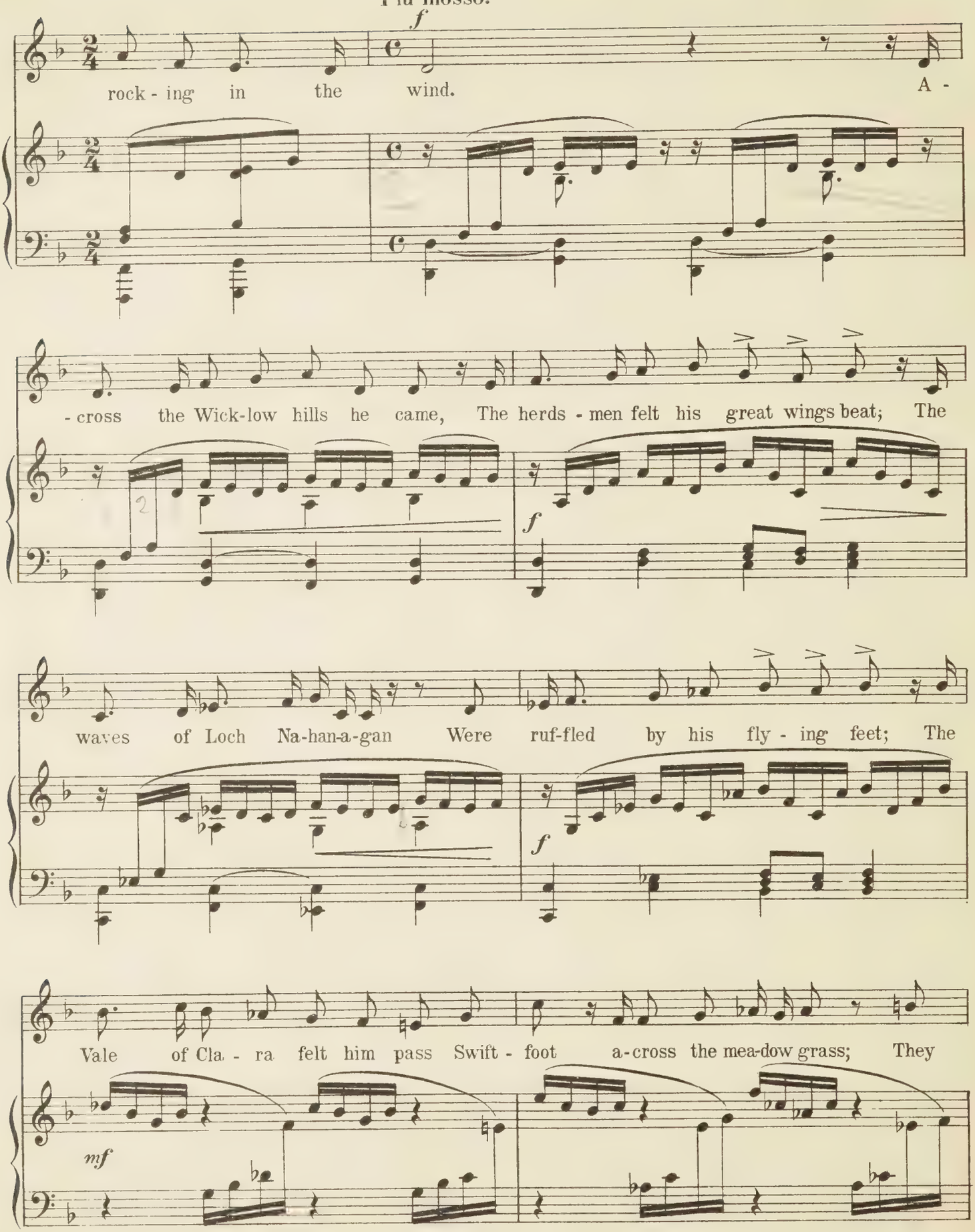
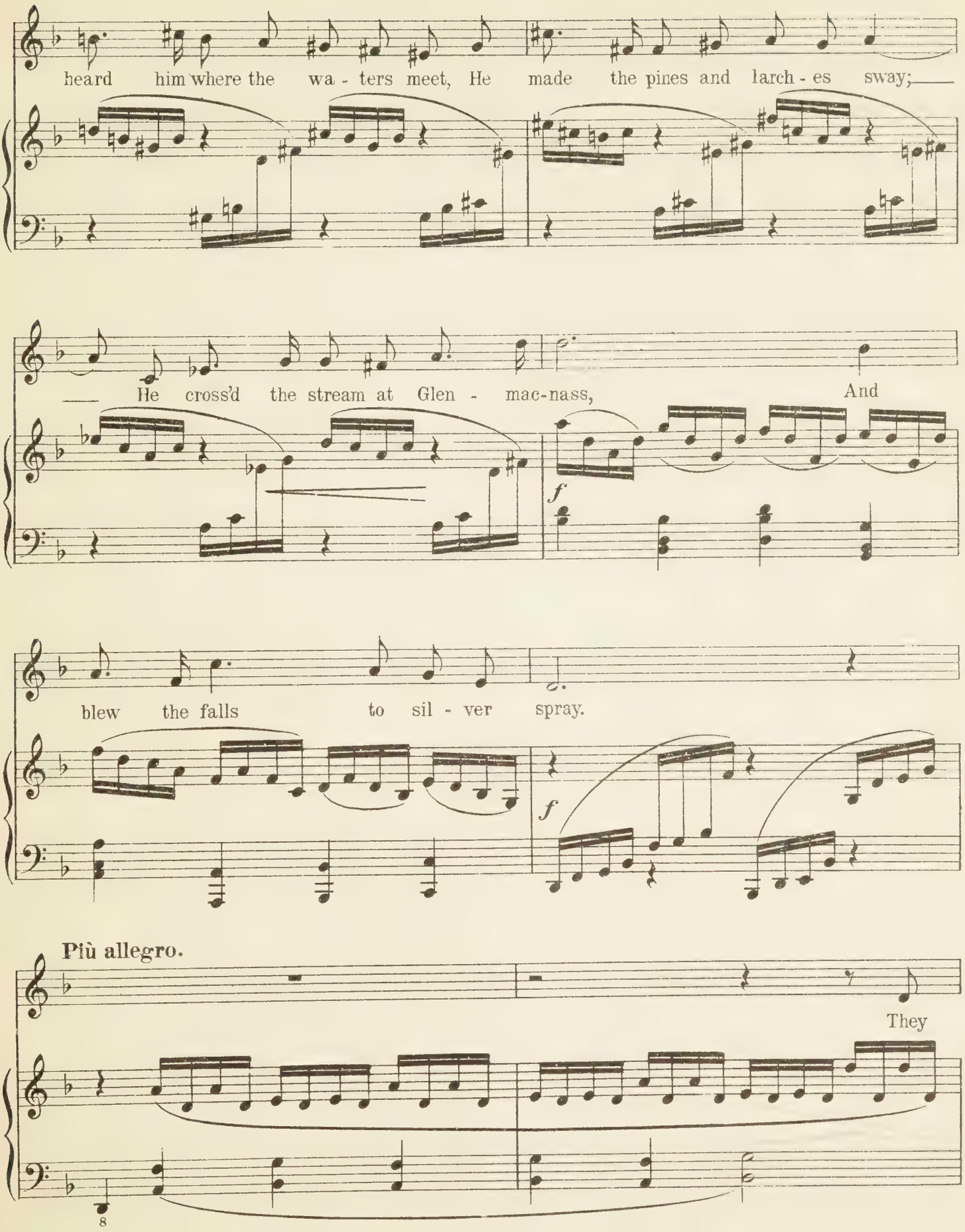
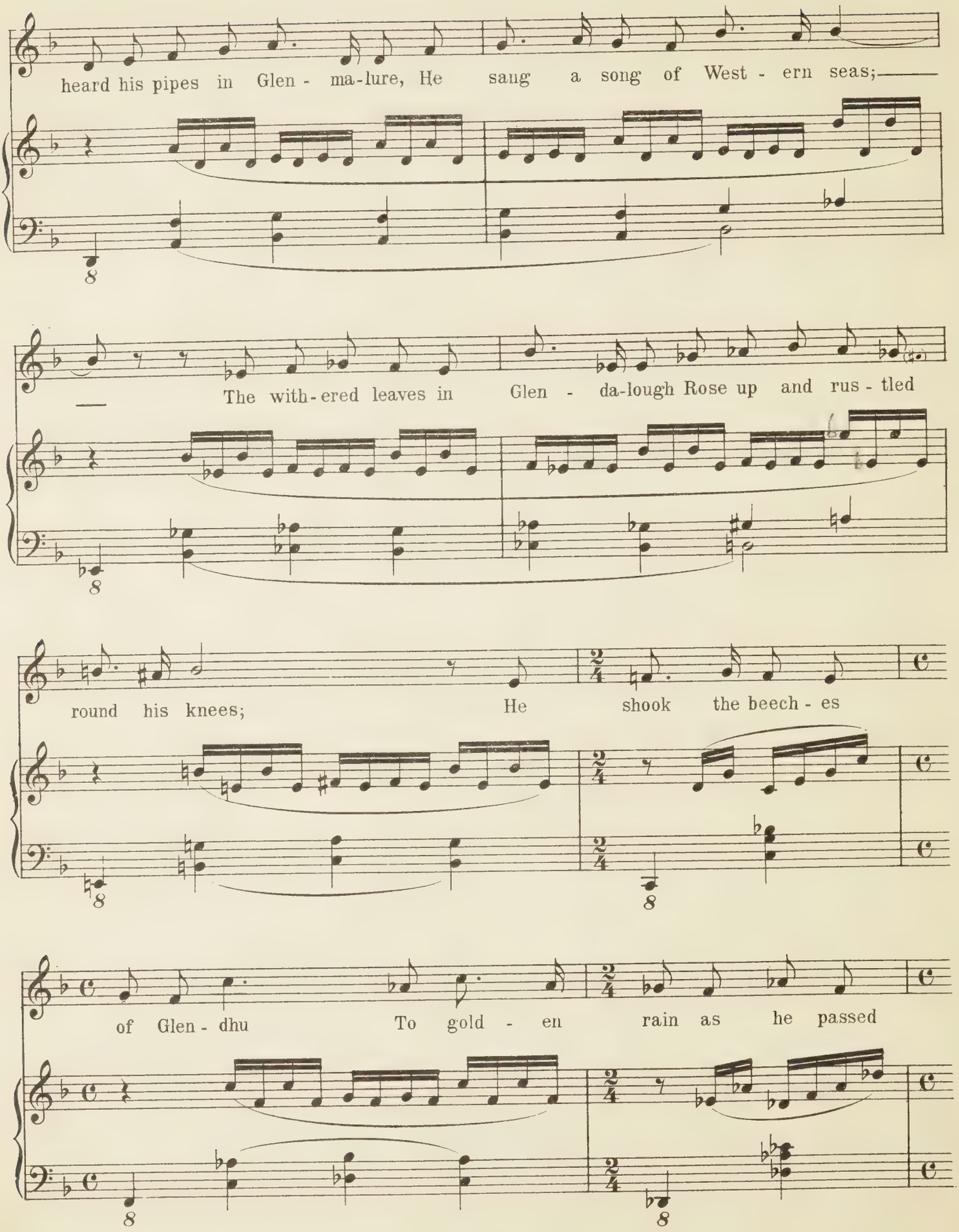

head as I went through. From ev'-ry cot-tage rose the
smoke, An' not a breath its col-umn broke. Brown in the glen the
brack-en grew, No brok-en leaf or stem you'd find.
p
poco a poco più mosso cresc.
But af-ter dawn the gale a-woke, The world seem'd
cresc.

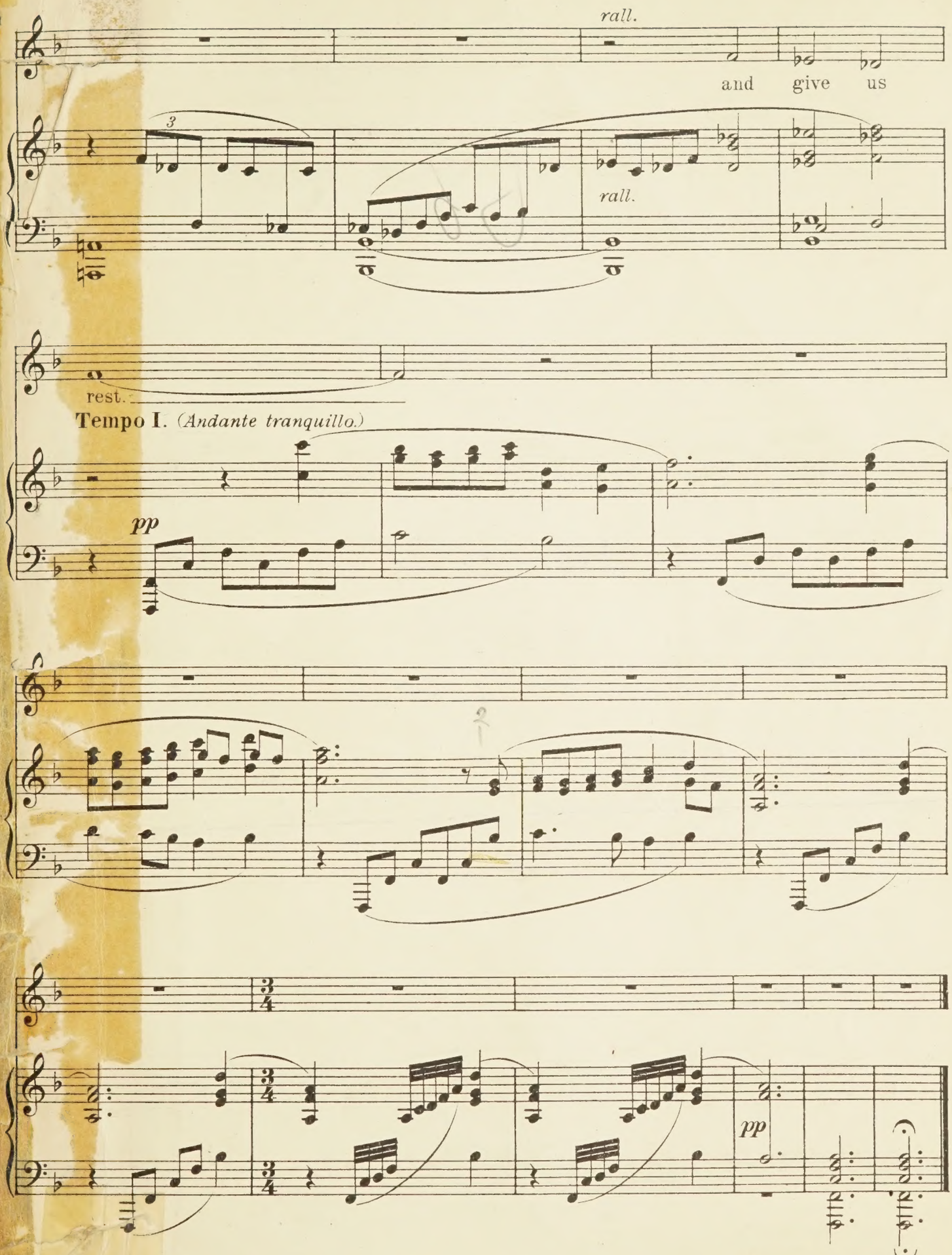

Più mosso.
f
rock - ing in the wind. A -
- cross the Wick-low hills he came, The herds - men felt his great wings beat; The
f
waves of Loch Na-han-a-gan Were ruf-fled by his fly - ing feet; The
f
Vale of Cla - ra felt him pass Swift - foot a-cross the mea-dow grass; They
mf


heard him where the wa - ters meet, He made the pines and larch - es sway;
He cross'd the stream at Glen - mac-nass, And
f
blew the falls to sil - ver spray.
f
Più allegro.
They
8


heard his pipes in Glen - ma-lure, He sang a song of West - ern seas;
The with-ered leaves in Glen - da-lough Rose up and rus - tled
round his knees; He shook the beech - es
of Glen - dhu To gold - en rain as he passed

ff
through. He bent Glen - cul - len's tall - est trees, His breath was rough on
f
bird and beast, A - cross the moun - tain tops he flew
To take his plea - - - - -
poco sostenuto
- - - - - sure in the east.
a tempo
sf

f
Oh,
wild wind from the dis - tant west,
dim.
Be still a - gain, Be
still, Be still,
dim. poco a poco.


rall.
and give us
rall.
rest.
Tempo I. (Andante tranquillo.)
pp
pp

CUSHENDALL

AN IRISH SONG CYCLE

THE POEMS BY

John Stevenson

SET TO MUSIC

BY

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFOR

OP. 118

№ 1. IRELAND
„ 2. DID YOU EVER?
„ 3. CUSHENDALL
№ 4. THE CROW
„ 5. DADDY-LONG-LEGS
„ 6. HOW DOES THE WIND BLO
№ 7. NIGHT

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A fire of turf
A fire of turf

Music

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